VOL. 50-NO. 8

NEWS-HERALD.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

STATE NEWS IVENS.

HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

Professional Cards.

DOTLE & BUDISILL.

DENTISTS, HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE-In McKibben block, S. High street NELSON B. LAFFERTY,

Physicians and Surgeons. OFFICE - Main street, over Datwiler's stor Residence, South street, first door west of Or Oar Lemon's. my26y1

C. R. COLLINS. COLLINS & COLLINS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HILLSBORD, OHIO.

OFFICE BOOK 1 and 7 Roulth Block, corner finis and the afficient. A Notary Public streets. A Notary Public streets.

DENTIST, HILLSBORO, O. -Hibben block, formerly Herald office HART & GARRETT.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE-Corner of Main and High streets Merchants' National Bank Building.

GRORGE B. GARDNER, HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-Oper Feibel's Clothing Store.

J. B. CALLAHAN, D. D. S. DENTIST. HILLSBORO, O.

OFFICE-Over Feibel's Clothing Store, Mai Engagements by telephone. maristf HARMAN. ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE-Southeast corner Main and High treets, room up-stairs. augly! W. C. DUCKWALL, D. D. S.

DENTIST. HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE-Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street

RUSS & VANDYKE, Physicians and Surgeons, HILLSBORO, O.

OFFICE-No. 38 West Main street, abov. McGuire's Tobasco Factory. mylyl OLDI J. BOSS,

Storney at Law and Notary Public HILLSBORO, O. Oppics—In Strauss Building, over Feibel' Clothing Store.

DE. S. J. SPEES Will now give his entire time to the practice of his profession. He has had extensive experience, and will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office—In McKibben's New Block, up stairs, High street, Mesidence, No. 51 Morth High street, 2 doors north of Olifton House, formerly occupied by Hugh Swearingen, Rillsboro, Ohio. juli8y1

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Ницавово, Онго.

Office-Strauss building, Rooms Nos. 8 and 10 DAVEY & BOWLES, ATTORNEYS AT HILLSBORO, OHIO.

OFFICE- Smith Block, S. W. Cor. Main an

TOHN T. HIBE, ATTORNEY AT LAW Orrice-In Smith's Block, corner Main and High Streets.

se-All business intrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. W. S. PATTERSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON HILLSBORO, ORIO. OFFICE-Over Quinn Brothers' drug-stor

san, Jasos J. Posslar, sident. Vice-President O. S. Parca, Cashier. C. M. OVERMAN,

Citizens' National Bank. Of Hillsboro, O.

Capital, \$100,000.

J. J. Pugaley, G. B. Beecher, W. H. Gregg Blias Overman, John L. West, F. I. Bumgaruer. C. M. Overman

Dose a General Banking and Excha Business. Government and County Bonds bought and sold.

GHM A. SMITH, President.

First National Bank.

HILLSBORO, OHIO. Capital \$100,000.

INSURE IN The PHCENIX, of Hartford, Conn.

CAPITAL, . . . 89,000,000 0 SURPLUS, . . . 8091,814 69 Fire, Tornado and Farm Insurance PRANK S. GLENN, Agent.

TRAMP PRINTER

Becomes Again an

Calling on the Governor-Useful Advice-"Our Ben" for President.

Springfield Then and Now-Old Friends Journalistic and Otherwise.

SPRINGPIRED, O., May, unlucky 13. Mr. EDITOR-I remained several days in Columbus after writing my last, and as I was taking my morning promenade one day I saw the familiar shape of Charlie McClure, holding up a door-post in front of the American Hotel. Having been away from Hillsboro for nearly a whole day (which makes the average Hillsboro youth very lonesome) he was glad to get an opportunity of looking at somebody who used to live there, and he joined me for a stroll.

CALLING ON THE GOV. "What do you say," said the tramp (which is me), "to going over and paying our respects to the Governor?"

And Charlie said that was just what he was thinking of doing. So we entered one of the big iron gates and walked up one of the wide walks in the beautiful capitol grounds and ap the great stone steps to the office of Ohio's Chief Executive. Of course about so much red tape business is necessary before you can meet face to face with greatness, and I guess there is probably less of it at the Celumbus State House than at others which I have visited during the course of my plaid career. As you may some day want to call on some Governor, it may not be out of place for me to here give you a few words of advice on the subject. Advice is my one strong point. If there is any one thing that I am better at than another it is giving advice, and I believe that those who have been there will acknowl edge that this is about the way of it. ADVICE.

The visitor will call at the office at some time between daylight and sunset, entering the room labeled, "Governor's Office" (but the Governor ain't there-he's in an adjoining room.) Here a young clerk or secretary or something, who fully appreciates the importance of his position, will tell you that the Governor is not in, or that he has gone to Cincinnati, Oshkosh, or sommers-or-other. If you lie, and say that your business is of great importance (and you certainly will) he will tell you to take a seat, that the Governor is in, he believes, but that he is very busy. And so he is. He is probably refusing, for the nineteenth time to give somebody an appointment to some petty office, or for the orty-seventh time, telling a bald-headed and red-nosed lawyer with a red mustache that he will positively not pardon his client (who was sent up from Mossback county for embezzloment or highway robbery as the case may be.) Yes,

he is probably busy. The subordinate will peep into into the back room, and will then tell you that the Governor will see you after a while. You will then take a seat, kind o' natural like, as if sinking down on guberna natorial upholstery were nothing unusual to you-in fact, as though you had been used to it all your life. You will be sure to suspect that the parties who are sitting near by are observing your embarase. ment, and whispering about it. You do not know, and yet it is a fact, that they think you are regarding them with similar suspicions.

You will sit and wait, and occasionally turn around and speak tremulously to to your companion, and all the time the hands of the big office clock are rushing wildly past the figures on its face, and you realize that you have about three minutes left, in which to converse with his excellency, go eleven squares, and fill another engagement. At last you decide to postpone seeing the Governor until mother day, and you so inform the subordinate and make tracks. About the third time you go through with this experience and they find you are determined to see the Governor or bust, you will be told to step into the back room, and-at last-there you are. The above advice may not facilitate things for you, but it may learn you to be patient.

Well, by-and-by, Charlie and I were invited into the Governor's back room His Excellency was busily engaged in conversation with a bony, dried-up little old man, and after he left a big man with a hirsute head and big mustache said his turn was next, and the Governor enjoyed a few minutes tete-a-tete with him, during which the Governor frequently knit his brows, chewed his under lip and shook his head negatively. I suspected the caller wanted his cousin doing time for horse-stealing or arson pardoned, though of course I may have been mistaken. I think Charlie thought

At last he quit and we monopolized the Governor for a while.

"Governor," said I in my most gentle ccents, "I am happy to meet you, I ssure you I am." I said that to reassure him and remove any embarracement he may have felt at being in my

Beard of School Examiners of Highland into give notice, that examinations of order to interview you," I continued, ro Union School building on the first y of every month, and on the third Satisfactory, Haroh, April, Angust, Separated of seeing you at all, but, as I just remarked to my friend here, any enterprising journalist can here, any enterprising journalist can But many of them have flown. Among write an interview without the triffing the stayers whom I have seen is Jap

and I was thinking I'd have to do that.

"Yes," replied His Excellency," and that's the way most of them write them. But that one in the State-Journal this the interview regarding his remarks on Jeff Davis, made at the G. A. R. encampment. "I don't know Jeff personally, but I know him well enough by

name is being frequently mentioned for the Presidency in '88?" said I, interrog-

see it mentioned in the NEWS-HERALD City Times, upon which Whitely is this morning."

Here I was perfactly conscious that I blushed perceptibly, but I don't know whether he noticed it or not. 'If he did he was good enough not to let on.

And after a few more words of little mportance the Governor kindly extended me an invitation to drop in and loaf round the office whenever I felt so disposed we parted. In regard to his

REMARKS ON JEFF DAVIS

Governor Foraker said:

"So far as what I said about Jeff Davis is concerned, I have no apologies to make. Much of the feeling that seemed to have been aroused is due to the fact that only a misleading extract of my remarks seems to have been published in the Southern papers. I referred to him, as you will see, only in his relation to the people of the South, who were honoring him. I respect the soldiers of the South for their heroism and bravery, and never have had any trouble getting along with them. But I despise such men as Davis, who brought so much misery to his country, and shall never hesitate to say so. Here is what I said on the subject: 'I never yet have seen the time, since the war, or before the war closed, when outside of the hostile lines, I could not clasp hands and have respect for the brave man who could take his life in his hand and battle for his convictions, though and battle for his convictions, though and battle for his convictions, though they were ever so wrong, therefore it is that I can understand why the people of the South can honor those men who were led into that contest, but I can not understand why they should ever honor men such as Jeff Davis, who, knowing better, misled them to their ruin in the better, misled them to their ruin in the attempt to destroy the best Government that the good Lord ever permitted the people to have. Whatever others may represent, this man Jeff Davis who talks about liberty, represents only human slavery, the degradation of labor, the treason of secession and rebellion, the horrors and infamies of Libby and Andersonville, all in shert that is most malicious, vicious and dishonorable in dersonville, all in short that is most ma-licious, vicious and dishonorable in American history—to talk of him as an illustrious statesman who is to be hon-ored with Washington in history, is to insult every sentiment of loyatty and decency in this great country he did so much to destroy."

FORAKER FOR PRESIDENT. There can be no concealing the fact that Joseph Benson Foraker is looming away up as a possible-even probablecandidate for the next Presidency. One thing is certain, the Republican party could do much worse than nominate our Ben, and if he can't get there, then none of them can. His qualifications are unsurpassed, and he is a recognized chief among the disciples of modern Republicanism. He is a man of whom if you would meet him on the street without knowing him, you would say to yourself: "There is a man of ability." He towers as did Saul among his fellows above the Solons and leaders of the present day. The Washington National Republican of May 10th mentions his name as one of the strong ones, and journals, politicians, and the intelligent public who have sense enough to tell which way the wind blows, have long realized that he has before him high honors and a career of rare brilliancy. If I had anything to wager and was a betting man, I shouldn't hesitate to stake my all on the belief that J. B. Foraker will live to do honor to the White House by being its occupant, and that at no very far distant day. And then won't we Highlanders "throw up our hats and holler!"

At this writing I am in THE CHAMPION CITY

Again, after an absence of a year and a half. Time has not dealt o'er-kindly with Springfield. When I first honored the city with my knightly tread it had all the bustle, activity and vices of a new Western mining town. Money was plenty, wages were good, and everywent, as the saying is. I am certain that all my wages went; but then I was young, and didn't draw more than steen dollars a week. Buildings were going up, anybody could get work, and there was life, energy and enterprise enough to turn the head of the slow-going Hillsboroan. Now it is all changed. Wages are low. Money is scarce. The placard "To Let" may be seen on the door of many a building which at that time would not have remained vacant a single day.

There are many reasons for this. Old Bill Whitely, the champion machine man, is charged with causing the present state of affairs. It is certain that things need not have been thus. It is an awful illustration of the power of capital. Some day I am going to make the regulation of capital the subject of a whole three-column letter, when I shall air some of my own, peculiar, original theories on the subject, and when I may have something to say of Springfield. I was going to do it now, but I want to give it more space than is at my disposal

There used to be just about some thing less than a million

HILLSBOROANS HERE

formality of talking to the interviewed, Marshall, of that model journal the Sunday News; Fred Harwood, of the Gasette, and family, and Mr. John Dogget and family. I also met Mr. John Corner, formerly a resident of Hillsboro. merning is genuine." He referred to There are lots of worse people in the world than Jack.

While here I have revived some pleasant acquaintances of auld lang syne. I find "Doke" West still on the enday News, and Up Ellifritz still in the big room around at the present Globe office. And good old George Harter, one of the best, kindest and fattest men tively. in the congressional district, is the main "Yes," with a good-natured smile, "I guy in the office of the new Champion

> squandering a printer's fortune every day. But he can do many a worse thing with his spare change than divide it among the printers. Harter was the great-I-am on the Transcript when that sheet was published where the Globe-Republic now is, and I remember him as one of the kindest of employers and implication. Then the two stood a momost genial of gentlemen. Among the gentlemen of John Reising's Big Six and Mose Foreman's Bands I have also met many friends of other days, and I the door open, explaining as he did so, am really sorry that I can only remain how he had received the key from the

here three days. housekeeper, when he met her down The people of Springfield are trying to the street. claim that she is going to boom again right away; that the shops are prospering again, and that she will live over again the halcyon days of '81-'2-'3. I Dick followed him. Mr. Moore took hope so. It is a strange but true coinci- the arm-chair by the desk, and shoved dence that Springfield can date her decline from the time that Barrere II and myself shook her dust from our feet. It may also be worth mentioning that we didn't shake any of her dust from our pockets-I because I hadn't saved any, and Be because he likes it too well. But that has nothing to do with the case.

While suffering from rheumatism I took four doses of Athlophores and was soon after able to get out of bed and cet my supper. The next morning I walked without cases. It is worth its weight in gold. C. R. Bruner, Urbana C. Litte Jack: "My mamma's new fan

Who cares? Our whole fence is." "I have no appetite," complains many a suf-ferer. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

The man who went to the country for 'rest and change" says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa.; "Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdeck Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney troubles."

ma, and you know the doctor told you not to wake me to give me my medi-Fitz.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philisdelphia, Pa

"Are you asleep, baby?" "Yes, mam-

"You never saw my hands as dirty as ed, in blank amazement. "Very strange, yours," said a mother to her little girl. sir, that I have no right to know your No, but your ma did," was the prompt

During winter the blood gets thick and sluggish, now is the time to purify it, to build up your system and it yourself for hard work, by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. For sale by Sey-

A little school girl's definition of scandal was: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it every-

Many an innocent little darling is suffering untold agony, and can not explain its troubles. Mark your baby's symptoms and you may find it troubled with worms; give it Dr. J. H. Mc-Lean's Vermifuge and restore it to quietness and health. For sale by Seybert & Co. Teacher: "How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil: "Six." Enumerate them." "One, two, three, four, five, six."

How many baid heads we see. Work, worry, disease, dissipation. These do it. Parker's Hair Balsam stops falling hair and restores gloss and youthful color. Exceptionally clean, elegant, a perfect dressing, not greasy. Prevents dandruff.

The clergyman having remarked that there would be a fine nave in the church, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

Children who are troubled with worms are pale in the face, blue rings around their eyes, pick the nose, have variable appetites, are fretful by spells, have bad dreams, are restless in sleep. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liquid or Candy Vermifuge will kill and expel these trouble-some parasites. For sale by Seybert & Co.

A recent song has the following refrain: "Oh hug me closer, closer still." Of course there are frequent rests to give the fellow a chance to comply.

Beautify Your Home.

Finish the walls and ceilings with Alabas-tine. You can do it; inexpensive; try it. White and twelve tints. Chesper and better than paint, kaleomine or paper. Disinfects and prevent diseases. Beautiful sample card free. By druggists, hardware and paint dealers. \$350 given away. Alabasting Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"What does this mean?" asked lines written by a friend. "Oh," said another, "it doesn't mean anything. It is poetry."

How Bo You Feel.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have requent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or biliousness, and nothing

DOWN TO CALICO.

A Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN. .

CHAPTER VI.

The detective stood still, and Dick moved briskly up the walk. This was their first meeting.

"I believe you are Mr. Moore," Dick said, when they stood side by side. The detective nodded and replied stiffly, "I believe you are Mr. Fessenden."

"I came here to see you," said Dick, yeing Moore keenly. The detective returned the cold stare. "And I was just starting out to hunt you." Mr. Moore's look implied the

"I understand you, sir," Dick returned in response to the detective's silent ment on the doorstep, but neither spoke. "Let's go in," said Dick, and he placed the key in the night-lock and threw

cause for such a search.

Dick stopped to shut the door, and the letective passed through the hall and into Mr. Fessenden's bed-room, where a chair toward Dick. When both were seated Dick opened the ball by saying,

"Well, sir, I have read the reports in the morning newspapers, and now I want to know something about this case." "If you have read the morning papers,

you know my opinion in the case," detective answered, coolly. "All that remains to be done is to work up a few additional proofs." Mr. Moore knew this expression was

nazardous, but he did not intend to back down" until some new clue compelled him to. "If you can't do better than that, I

think you need some help." The detective did not heed Dick's sar "What are you going to do about it?" s hand-painted." Little Dick: "Pooh!

A quotation of Tweed under such circumstances did not please Dick.

"I think," he replied, warmly, "if I vere working on this case, and could gather no stronger array of evidence han you present, I would not dare to make known my suspicions to any one, nuch less claim in public print that I ad found the criminal."

Mr. Moore arranged some papers on the desk. Then he looked straight at Dick.

"This is a serious matter," he said. "I was employed by Mr. Seymour to work up this case, and I have done my best. I have found the man. Heretofore you took no interest in the case, and at this late day, you come in to find fault. Now, sir, you have no business to inter-

"Business to interfere," Dick repeattheory of my uncle's murder, especially when you accuse me of murdering him. Mr. Moore, I am a lawyer, and I know as well as you, that the stuff which you have gathered, and which you call the proof in this case, is as absurd as a tunnel through the earth. I left the case with you and Mr. Seymour, not wanting to appear as an avenger of blood. When you and he have made such a gigantic blunder, I feel like taking hold of the matter myself.

"You forget what the evidence is

osinst von. Mr. Fessenden. "Give me the time you have had. Mr Moore, and I can come nearer proving you guilty than you have to proving me guilty," was the speedy rejoinder. would be afraid to introduce such nonsense before any jury, for you would be laughed at. Now, what have you more than the published statements?"

"I believe I told you I would not unfold my views of the evidence, but the main points have been published. Those you know." The detective knew that Dick's state

ments were unvarnished truth, but he

had heard criminals arguing their innocence before, and he was not satisfied with simple denials. "Then if you won't unfold your views to me, I will unfold some of mine to you I have not been working up this case

but naturally I have thought about it, and I tell you, to begin with, that the person I suspect is Fred Seymour." "Humph," the detective interrupted sneeringly, "you blame it on young Sey-

mour to screen vourself.' Dick rose from his chair and walked over to the detective with eves flashing and fists clenched.

"Mr. Moore," he said, "that is enough of that kind of talk. This is my house, and if you don't act like a gentleman while here, I will put you out of it. I asked you for the evidence, and if you can't produce that you shall not taunt me with accusations. I had intended to lead you to a reasonable solution of the case, but if you won't be led I will dis-

The detective eyed Dick, but did not

"Keep cool, sir. I am not frightened. You cannot dismiss me, for I am acting under instructions from Mr. Seymour." "And Mr. Seymour," Dick added, "is ecting under instructions from me, so, in short, you are my servant."

to Mr. Moore, and his indiscretion became manifest. Moreover, he did not care to try his physical strength against the muscular young man, who stood be-

"Well," he said, "proceed. You shall not be interrupted."

Dick remained standing. "You were not at the Coroner's inquest."

"No, but I have a report of the testimony here," and the detective pulled a paper from a pigeon-hole.

"Let's see Fred Seymour's testimony." Mr. Moore ran his hand over the pages, while Dick stood behind him, looking over the detective's shoulder.

"He testifies," said Dick, "that he came in at the front door and passed through this room into the next room there, and sat down at the table opposite my uncle. He describes his position there, and does not say he got up or moved his chair till he went away."

"Then step this way, please," and Dick went into the adjoining room. Dick took a chair and set it by the table, where Fred testified he sat.

"Sit down there," said Dick. The chair was loose-jointed, and Mr. Moore examined it suspiciously, before he obeyed. Then Dick placed the door

"What do you see in the other room?" "The corner of the bed." "How could Fred Seymour see the

The detective did not answer, but folowed Dick back into the bed-room. There he scanned the position of various objects. Silence ensued while Dick waited for an answer.

"The bed may not have been then where it is now," Mr. Moore said, mus-"That is the only place that bed can

stand in this room without blockading a doorway," Dick replied. "And do you suppose my uncle amused himself that afternoon, by moving the bed back and forth from one side of the room to the other? Why, sir, that bed can't be moved without being taken down. It will fall down. It is just like the rest of this furniture."

Again there was a pause. Dick waiting for Mr. Moore to speak, but the detective was meditating. Dick sat down at the desk and began to peruse the testimony. The detective's perplexed thoughts were interrupted by Dick say-

"Here is another point that ought to be investigated. Seymour testifies that when he gave my uncle the note and the check, my uncle put them both into his outside coat pocket. Where are those clothes?"

Without a word the detective went to

the closet in the corner, took down the coat and vest of the murdered man. brought them out and laid them on the bed. The sight of the sleek, threadbare outer garment brought a strange feeling to Dick, and a lump came into his throat, but when the detective fumbled through the coat pockets, in a business-like way, the tender cord which had been touched. ceased to vibrate. Only one paper was found. That was the canceled note. The check was not there. When Mr. Moore had satisfied himself, a troubled expression came into his face, and he stood gazing at the crumpled paper and the dead man's clothes. Then he sat down by the desk in a studious attitude, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Dick did not suggest that Fred probably knew the wherabouts of that check, but allowed the detective to draw his own

conclusions. "Look here," said Dick.

The detective looked up, and Dick held the coat to the light, so that a small hole could be seen near the middle of the back. Mr. Moore was on his feet in an instant, examining the bullet-hole.

"Where is the vest?" he asked, but without waiting for an answer, he went to the side of the bed, and reached over to the wall, where he had tossed the vest, while examining the coat. As he did so there was a crack, the bed-rail got uncoupled from the head-board, and one corner of the bed fell to the floor.

"I told you that bed would fall down on the slightest provocation," said Dick, repressing a smile with difficulty. But the detective was too intent upon this new clue to notice the proof of Dick's truism.

"There's blood on the vest," Dick said, when Mr. Moore had brought it to the window. There was no reply.

"That proves," Dick went on, "that my uncle was murdered in the day time, and that the murderer took off the coat and vest to make it appear that he had been murdered at night."

"that the murderer knew Mr. Fessenden's habits, and knew where he hung his clothes when he went to bed." The speaker looked sternly at his com-

"It proves, too," Mr. Moore replied,

panion as he said this. Dick did not wince, but retorted. "Nothing of the kind. My uncle always hung his clothes on the back of a

to bed. That you can find by asking Peter Crowley or Jemima." Again Mr. Moore dropped into the sudden developments troubled him.

chair and relapsed into silence. The This determined lawver had unearthed more facts in twenty minutes, than he had found in a week. Having recovered self-possession, he went to fixing the prostrated and decrepit bed. Dick was

[Continued on eighth page.]

Real and Ideal.

THE GIRL WE SEP. Very tight-laced, Powdery-faced. Student of attitudes. Wonderfully wily: Coquetting with the dudes

Hat very tall; Feet very small; Shoes very, very tight; Smiles very sunny; Talk very funny; Thoughts very, very bright.

Very neat gloves, Very many loves, Very much decollete dress;

Loveliness?-nary I guess! THE GIRL WE WANT TO SEE. No false hair.

Just as many beaux;

No cold stare, No knock 'em stiff cologne: Modest restraint; Not a bit o' paint: Heart not made of bone.

Fair-sized feet, Neither too large nor small. Not a dudine: No august mien:

Not a recluse: Not full of news Wide-awake, thoughtful eyes: Plain, neat dress: And, I guess, Such a girl mould be wise.

"The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve—a speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed.

Obituary.

Died, May 11th, 1886, at his late residence in Sardinia, Brown county, Ohio, after a brief ill-ness of peritonetis, Granville O. Pettijohn, late of Company E, 50th Regiment, O. V. I.,

late of Company E, 50th Regiment, O. V. I., aged 45 years.

During his army service he contracted camp dysentary, was transferred from one hospital to another, until, when finally discharged, was a walking skeleton, but, by continued care on his part, and careful nursing, he at last gained a degree of health; was married to Miss S. C. McNeely, October 23d, 1873, by whom he was presented with three bright, active little boys and two sweet, winsome little girls, who gladdened his heart and more firmly bound him to his life partner, constituting a happy home, making the nearest approach to Heaven on earth that mortals are permitted to enjoy.

making the nearest approach to Heaven on earth that mortals are permitted to enjoy.

He was a faithful, active, member of the M.
E. Church, and dearly loved his "Sabbath home;" but alsa! the disease engendered during the years of exposure, while battling for his country and home, but slumbered, and, on being quickened into action, returned with such force that earthly help could not avail. Only a few short hours of intense suffering and all was over. He passed away, leaving a peaceful smile on his face, having triumphed over his last enemy, death.

His remains were followed to their last resting place by his sorrowing wife and five little fatherless ones with many friends of all classes, rich and poor, high and low, all desiring to give testimony of the great esteem in which he was held by them.

Granville sleeps sweetly now, but on the Resurrection morn he will waken and with wife and little ones, be gathered home.

Do as You Please

When you please to do right; and you will al-ways do the proper thing in taking Dr. Bige-low's Positive Cure for coughs, colds, and all throat and lung diseases. Pleasant to take and cure speedy. Trial bottle free of W. R. Smith

Knights of Labor. At the last meeting of Hill City Assembly No. 5,163 K. of L., the following resolutions were unanmously adopted:

WHEREAS, Unprincipled persons have taken advantage of the unsettled condition of labor, and under the guise of laborers have sought to bring reproach upon the order of the Knights of Labor; Therefore be it

Resolved, By Hill City Assembly K. of
L., that we denounce in unmeasured
terms the wanton destruction of life and
property that has been brought about by

property that has been brought about by Socialists, Anarchists and Communists. That while our sympathy is ever with the bread-winners, we condemn all who may so far forget themselves as to march under the red flag.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to the protection of property. Recognizing our duty first to our God, then to our flag then to ourselves.

flag, then to ourselves.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to our City papers for pub-

Cancer Cured. Wm. Black, Abigdon, Iowa, was cured of cancer in the eye by Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which cures all blood disorders and all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best tonic and appetizer known. Price 50 cents, of W. R. Smith & Co.

Rainsboro, Saturday, May 29 The exercises will be in charge of Wm. H. Trimbie Post No. 243 G. A. R.

1st. All soldiers' graves within six miles limits will be flagged at sunrise. 2d. Decorate at 9 o'clock a. m.
The following are the committees for
the different cemeteries:
Hulett's—John Roads, Thomas Cherry-

Jones' - Henry Plummer, Samuel Cynthiana-C. A. Head, Alex. Camer-Ira Dunham Hartman—William Epperson, Absalom

Roads.
Gillow—R. E. Shivers, J. W. Grim,
John Kretzer, J. D. Watts.
Stringtown—Henry Cowgill, C. Barrett.
Orthodox—I-aac Jones, John L. Gossett, William Roads.
Boston—C. M. Epperson, S. B. Gossett,
Wm. Sanders.
Marshall—John Martin, John Stultz.

3d. Speaking in J. L. Redkey's grove at 1:30 o'clock p. m. The Post and band will meet at the

The Post and band will meet at the hall promptly at 1 o'clock and march to the grove. Rev. Gilgilian, speaker of the day.

Everybody is invited to come and take part in the exercises of the day.

By order of committee of arrangements.

John W. DEWITT, Adjt. chair, or on the bed-post, when he went

Excitement in Texas.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Coriey, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in fiesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial bottles of this great Discovery for Consumption free at Seybert & Co.'s.